

# PROGRESS.

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## BUT THAT WAS A PICNIC.

THE RED LETTER DAY OF THE NEWSBOYS' YEAR.

"Progress" Took Them and His Friends on a Big Picnic and all Were Merry and Joyful—Many Incidents of a Day That Was Full of Them.

PROGRESS' second picnic is over! A success again, the memory of it will be pleasant for many a day.

Like the first one of two years ago, it was given mainly for the newsboys, for the bright lads who, in all kinds of weather, distribute the newspapers to the people. But after the newsboys there were others, many others, who were the guests of the publisher and who enjoyed the outing, if not with the same hilarity as the youthful hustlers, with all the zest incident to a holiday in the country.

Monday was the day—the fatal day for picnics. No church or society gives a picnic on Monday if it can escape the day, for the very good reason that the abundant provisions have to be prepared Saturday, and Monday must be fine or the consequences awful.

Monday was fine, though few people thought it would be Sunday night. The rain fell in torrents and those who hurried home from church, escaping as best they might the downpour, thought that many plans were mislaid for the morrow.

But despite a fog-bank, that fore-runner of fine weather—the morning was delightful, and when the clock struck eight nearly all the newsboys in the city were greeting each other upon the wharf at Indiantown.

"Where's the Aberdeen," was the shout of each new-comer—The "Aberdeen" it may be explained was the big new stern-wheeler chartered for the occasion. She belonged to the Star Line, of which Mr. Geo. F. Baird is manager, and PROGRESS was in great luck when the staunch and steady craft was found available for the occasion. The Aberdeen consequently was not hard to find, and very soon the merry crowd of youngsters had found out just how long and broad she was. The big whickered captain glanced doubtfully at the first contingent, and his face continued to wear its expression of concern until the genial countenance of Sergeant George Baxter smiled upon him as he passed down the gangway. Then the captain was happy, the engineer was pleased and the renowned pilot McCleary looked a whit less stern as he slowly passed his hands over his beloved wheel.

The boys were there for a good time and while they knew there were no handcuffs or gags aboard, still there was a long day before them, and the best limbs and lungs can't stand continued strain. Therefore they were cautious and they were wise, for the hundred and one things they found to shout at all along the beautiful bay and river, tested their throats and wind before night fell.

Besides the boys there were hundreds of others aboard. Merchants and ministers joined the throng, boys and girls, women and children, all were found seated and prepared for a grand outing when the last plank was drawn in and adieu bid to the city.

Then the fun of the day began. The anxiety of the refreshment committee was gone when the abundant supply of all that makes a picnic a stern fact was safely stowed and guarded. But there was a sub-committee with peanuts and candy and cigars and other things to attract the attention of the crowd. These they began to dispense and very soon the newsboy capitalists were testing the resources of their pocket books.

Meantime amid all the din and clamor the "Aberdeen" had found her way through "The Narrows" and into Grand Bay. To many of the boys it was their first trip on the river and who has taken a first trip on the river St. John but was impressed with the grandeur of the scene as the steamer passed out of the bay into the broad and winding river. Hardly had this been done when there was a pause, for "the boss"—as the employees term him—was standing upon the wharf at Westfield waiting to be taken aboard. "The boys did not fail to greet him in their usual style and as the Aberdeen swung in the stream for a short time a good natured and obliging legal light, who passes his summer evenings and Sunday with his family at Westfield, turned himself into a boatman and put the newspaper man aboard.

Then speed was got up again and in less than an hour the dense grove—"The Cedars"—was sighted. Then the sun burst through the mist and scattered it for all day; the green fields backed up the darker shade of the grove which with the white and neat tents of the Indian encampment in the front, the scene was one not easily forgotten.

Slowly the Aberdeen neared the shore and when within a short distance, one of the hands sounded with an original line—a pike pole—and soon found that the flat-bottomed craft, which only draws two feet

of water might poke her nose upon the beach.

And the boys found it out at the same time. What a rush there was then. It reminded one of the famous charge at supper time at Lepreau, when three hundred boys—they were not all newsboys—pushed the burly Baxter against the barn and held him there and in their eagerness closed the entrance against themselves. Over the sides of the boat they went, many of them jumped high and dry upon the sands, others not so agile or so fortunate found out that river water was quite as wet as that in the harbor, if not so cold, and in less time than this is written in there was not a lad on board the boat. "I would not have missed that sight for a dollar," laughed Mr. A. O. Skinner, who, with other guests at the Cedars, welcomed the party. Then the exploration began, and there wasn't anything within a radius of miles that did not come in for close and curious inspection from some of the party.

It was not long until dinner time and the boys were right on deck. The advance party that went to the grounds on Saturday night had a rare experience in the fog that enshrouded the place. The Olivette had them aboard and when some point near the Cedars was reached a boat put out at her call and took the boys ashore. But that was more than could be done for the tables and rigging. They were afloat in the river, and some hours afterward a city merchant, who put off from the Hampton half a mile farther up stream, on account of this same mist, was gruffly requested to "lay hold" of that table that was floating by. He did so, and thus it was that the big board got ashore, but the merchant had a lame wrist for his trouble.

But to return to dinner, as the boys did. There it was in the boxes all ready for them, and sooner than anyone imagined, under the capable direction and assistance of those experienced ladies, Mesdames Golding and Stackhouse, the feast was spread. Benches from the steamer came in good stead, and with the bright and eager crowd seated, the work of distribution began. There were hot beans and cold sandwiches, biscuit, cake and pies, turnovers and fruit squares, tea cup and cup cakes, in fact, anything and everything that goes to make the average boy happy at meal time. Then they had even an addition to their contentment in the shape of a big box of caramels passed around at the request of Mr. A. O. Skinner, and the cheers for that gentleman made the Cedars quiver.

After dinner there were races—such races—and five innings of base ball, at which PROGRESS nine was ingloriously defeated, and then the presentation of prizes presented by Messrs. Kinneer Bros. This was not the only donation of the day, but but it was a generous and kindly one. A liberal contribution came with the request that no name be mentioned, while just before the boat left the wharf Mr. Carpenter sent down a goodly supply of his excellent pressed beef. The boys liked it and so did everybody else who tried it.

By this time all were eager to gain the shelter of the Cedar grove, the addition to "the Cedars" that is bound to make the house a great favorite. Perhaps no person could desire a more comfortable, cool and beautiful spot to rest in, with the broad river in front, the fields and hills behind, the Indian encampment to one side, the passing to and fro of the steamers the occasional tugs, rats and woodboats make just enough life to vary the monotony of living in the country. The Aberdeen had returned to the city for another crowd and soon after three o'clock she appeared in sight, her decks black with people—quiet people who enjoyed the sail and were now just a trifle eager to get ashore and inspect the new picnic ground. They took more time about it than the boys, however, and some of them hesitated a little to walk the broad but springy single plank that led to shore.

Supper over for the newsboys at five o'clock, the return was made, and without an accident all the newsboys were landed at Indiantown again. Those youngsters who remained behind were sorry, for the next boat had the mistborne to plunge into a fog bank at 11.30 and remain at anchor for some hours. Many of those on board enjoyed even this, but some, weary with a long day, would far rather have been home which they did not reach until between four and five o'clock. But these were mainly the more robust of the crowd—those who remained to spend all the day and who passed the night as well.

But it was a great day and a greater night.

Their Best Took No Harm.

Three or four young men, and as many boys, spent the entire day in fishing from a part of the shore where the water touched by their five-foot lines was exceedingly shallow. Some of the bait was calmly reeling on the ground the most of the time. But it is true that there is exquisite happiness in infinite patience, those fishermen were superlatively happy, even though, for

some strange reason, they caught no fish.

A PROGRESS representative—and come to think of it, was PROGRESS ever so well represented anywhere before?—asked one of the disciples of Ike what he was fishing for. The sportsman looked surprised. "Well," he at length confessed, "I did know the name of them fish, but I'm darned if I haven't forgot it!" While speaking of angling, it may be mentioned that the sporting editor of the Record did not fulfil his part of the programme as previously announced in PROGRESS. He did not, with gentleness depicted on his face, hold aloft a fishing rod, with a boy in the water at the end of the line. Gentleness suffused his noble countenance, but he was too busily engaged in more delicate angling to pay much attention to boys.

"OH, BUT YOU'RE A MAN."

The Proud Smile That Newsboy Were All Day is Accounted For.

We promised to telegraph to Professor Wiggins to predict weather, and weather as opposite to what we wanted, as was possible. And the professor did his prettiest. On the second day of July, according to Ebenezer Stone, there would be a hurricane, and a cold wave, and a hail storm; and as to rain! Why, the whole province of New Brunswick was to be under water.

"There," said the entire staff, as the Wiggins despatch came in, "I told you we'd overdo it."

Perhaps it was because of the seer's prediction that the day was a little hot. Otherwise, it was perfect.

One hundred and ninety boys had tickets for the picnic. It was evident that the entire one hundred and ninety were at Indiantown on Tuesday morning.

Nobody was heard to express fears that the boat would sink, such as were freely expressed on the Presbyterian picnic; the boys would have taken it as a part of the programme had the boiler burst, or the steamer capsized; they were not as good boys as you read of in the Sunday school books, but they were genuine boys, and were prepared for any emergency.

If, then, these lads enjoy things that even ministers could not, how they must have enjoyed the PROGRESS picnic! There wasn't a boy on the excursion that will not smile all over whenever, in the days to come, he remembers the bulkiest time he ever had in his life.

There was a little fog scattered around promiscuously when the boat started, but everybody knows that the sun shines brighter and the sky looks bluer after a little fog, and by the time the Cedars was reached the heavens smiled on the boys like their best girls—that is, it smiled that way on all the boys who had best girls, and on those that didn't, it smiled even more smilingly, on the compensation plan.

Those best girls who had newsboys hypnotized by their seductive smiles, looked as happy as their willing victims.

"Billy," said one layre mayde, "I allus feel skeered when I'm aboard the boat fear the biler—"

"That's jest like girls," said William.

"Oh, but I'm not afeard when I'm with you, Billy," said the charmer.

A tinge of shame passed over the face of her lover at this soft answer, but he said, more gently, however, "I'm never skeered."

"Oh," said the maid, in tones of the most trusting admiration, "but you're a m'n!" And a smile which had its birth in a mingled feeling of pride, devotion and virility, never left that newsboy's face all day, and it may be there yet.

A Trio From the Country.

A gentleman, who evidently, when he was home, had his abode in habitations rural, carefully watched one of the bunches of bananas, and listened to those who bought fruit. He acquired sufficient knowledge to purchase one, and had the generosity, after satisfying himself that it was good, to give a bite each to two lovely damsels whom he was escorting. He then finished the rest of the bananas, skin and all, and remarked, "That was jest the finest bandana I ever tasted."

An Optical Illusion.

In the house hard by the picnic grounds, there was a surprise for those who looked in at the open door. For at the end of the hallway, "there stood a man." And a funnier looking old codger you never saw. He had an umbrella under his arm; and spectacles set off the roundest, jolliest face. A slouch hat was on his head—but as you went a few steps into the hall—why, it isn't a man after all! It was a lithesque picture, painted on the lower hall door.

A Regular Picnic for George.

The newsboys got together on the way down and sang that late song (late in the sense of deceased) "After the Ball." There was nothing particularly appropriate in its delivery before the picnic, but the boys, like Frankenstein, made of the defunct an extremely lively corpse, and no one had the heart to shoot them. The most popular man on board was Sergeant George Baxter. "They're fine

boys," said he, "and they're behaving themselves fine. I thought I'd have something to do, but it's a regular picnic for me as well as for the rest of them." And the sergeant, who would not, at a casual glance, be taken for a boy, was, for the notice, as much a boy as any of them.

A Siren Scares the Sirens.

It was the witching hour of about four o'clock in the afternoon. A thousand hearts beat happily; and when music arose with its voluptuous swell ("Sweet Maria" on a mouth organ), soft eyes looked love to those which spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell; When hark! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

It was the shriek of a steam yacht's "siren," and the sirens on the shore clung to their lovers in ecstasies of fear. But the awful sounds at length died in the distance, and the lovely charms were calm once more.

A Joke That Pained Myster.

When the picnic grounds were sighted, one of the newsboys said, "So they call that place the Cedars, do they? I never seed'er before!" And an end-man would have given his bones to have been responsible for as much merriment as that small humorist.

The Injun for Dinner.

The Indian encampment was, to the boys, the most interesting thing seen from the boat. Several photographers were on board, and pointed their instruments of torture towards the Indians. The Indians of the Cedars are as thoroughly civilized as Bret Harte's one that cleaned him out at faro, and so were not scared that the machines would go afire. Dinner, which is always one of a picnic's chief charms, was prepared as soon as was at all practicable after the arrival of the boat. One of the leading newsboys asked the French-Indian who was making bows and arrows with wonderful ambidexterity, "Say, what's the Injun for 'have some dinner'?"

"Michwagan," was the prompt reply of the professor of Injun.

"Well, boys, 'michwagan!' said the apt pupil. And it was not long before he and the rest of the boys were michwaguing, to their hearts' content.

Some Answers Worth Noting.

A few invitations found their way here and there, sent by the staff of PROGRESS to personal friends; and while it would be impossible to print even the best part of many of the replies, still there are a few that cannot be omitted. Here is one from a gentleman PROGRESS readers know well, and the excuse for withholding his name must be in what he writes.

Dear —: Was it one of the wedding guests in the parlour who said, "I have secured a baby, and therefore I cannot come; I pray thee, have me excused?" That is our fix. He was born June 20; is named Chapman Ford; and promises well.

This is my third and last appearance in the role of Happy Father. Hereafter I shall lead a holy life.

I wish that PROGRESS picnic will prove all your fancy painted it—Imagize me at a picnic, though! Why, man dear, I feel like a government mail hauling a load of pig-iron.

This is what a Montreal gentleman writes:

So far as the writer is aware this is the first time we have known of a Canadian newspaper giving a picnic. It certainly indicates "Progress" but we hope it did not break a "Record." Hoping you may have a fine day and have a good time. Yours head over heels in work.

Again, from a firm who received one of the souvenirs:

Were we within a hundred miles of your city would attend it possible, or arrange for a representation. Accept our best wishes for a clear day and a royal good time, which latter all will undoubtedly have.

His Statement and His Letter.

In its report of the Synod in session at Woodstock, the Sun has the following paragraph: Secretary Newham, in suggesting the appointment of a printing committee, called attention to the slovenly way in which last year's report had been printed by PROGRESS office.

This is the very first intimation that PROGRESS job printing department has received that the report was in any way unsatisfactory. On the contrary, Secretary Newham read all the proofs and revises and soon after the printed journals were forwarded to him, sent the following letter of acknowledgment:

DEAR MR. CARVER—I fear you will think me negligent in not acknowledging the receipt of "the Journals." They were received safely. I have only heard of one complaint and that was from a delegate whose copy was incomplete—an accident in the binding I suppose. I enclose your bill counter-signed. If you will present to Mr. C. H. Fairweather, who is treasurer, no doubt he will attend to its payment.

Sincerely yours,  
O. S. NEWHAM.

Rev. Mr. Newham may have been mis-reported at the synod. PROGRESS trusts so, for it would be difficult to reconcile such a statement as appeared in the Sun with the letter printed above.

A Good Appointment.

The appointment of Dr. J. W. Daniel to the city board of health is a good one. This particular physician has made an excellent alderman. He is in earnest in what he undertakes and the city's interest will not suffer at his hands. Such a man will be strong upon the board of health where, at times, much strength is needed.

## THE CAPTAIN SLUGGER.

HE BELONGED TO MONTREAL AND WAS SCIENCED.

Let the Fugitive Art-Big John Dickers Wait Down Before Him for Being Too Free with His Opinion—Feneloners who Call Out and Are Out.

There was an assault case at the police court on Thursday but it was kept very quiet and was not aired to any great extent. The two principals were Captain Andrew Bell of a crack militia regiment of Montreal, a commercial traveller and Mr. John Dickers, an old soldier and resident of this city who has served for eighteen years in the Fifteenth regiment. Mr. Dickers and a number of his friends spent the early part of Thursday evening attending lodge meeting. After the meeting broke up Dickers wended his way towards the Royal hotel.

On his way to that place he was joined by a well-known King street tailor and Bandmaster Jones of the 62nd Fusiliers. The latter was in uniform, having just returned from the Opera House where he had taken part in the "great procession," viz., the return of the troops from the Sudan. He walked into the corridor of the hotel.

"Hello, Bell, old man, how are you?" called out one of the party as he caught sight of the captain seated in a chair. The captain sprang from his seat and shook hands all around. They were soon joined by another gentleman—a pensioner in the person of Mr. Charles Calvert. He also served in the Fifteenth, and having served three years longer than friend Dickers, received a pension. The conversation led from one thing to another until the "pension" topic came up.

"Well," said Dickers, "I would have had a pension had I served three years longer."

"I am a pensioner," said Bandmaster Jones as he drew himself up and expanded his chest.

"Yes, you are a pensioner," chimed in Dickers, "but the red coat on your back is not paid for."

"It is!" warmly retorted the bandmaster, "and besides, I don't owe a cent in the town."

"Oh, yes, you do," replied Dickers, "you owe, etc., etc." The ball was rolling in good style by this time and Mr. Jones returned Mr. Dickers' compliment. Captain Bell then had his little say. "Mr. Dickers, I consider it most unfair, unjust and unprincipled of you to insult one of her Majesty's officials in uniform, when you are well aware he cannot defend himself."

"I am captain of my regiment and proud I am of it," continued Bell.

"Well I'll be blanked if I would serve under Herbert and the Pope. No, sir, not me. I will slap your month," said Dickers to Bell.

"Tut-tut," said the peaceable tailor. "I don't think, Mr. Dickers, it is right to throw up personalities like this."

The party then walked out and up King street to McDermid's corner. They had made considerable fuss in the hotel, and none of them were in the most pleasant mood. The corner was reached when Dickers stepped a little closer to Bell and led for his jaw with the left. Now Bell, it happened, knows a thing or two about the many art. With the agility of a Corbett or a Dixon, he countered and sent his right fist into Mr. Dickers' eye. The blow, to use a sporting phrase, had lots of steam behind it. Dickers was lifted off his feet and landed in the street, where friend Calvert picked him up.

"Strike him again and you will get hurt," said the tailor to Bell, as the speaker put up his "left," keeping his dangerous looking right at his side.

A crowd soon collected when up rushed Sergeant George Baxter. "Arrest that man" came from several, but the Sergeant couldn't say that he had seen Bell strike any person. The friends of Mr. Dickers took him to the police court, showed Chief Clark the bleeding face, and then mopped it off with an old cloth that Sergeant Hipwell keeps for bathing the tears from the eyes of lost children. Dickers was then taken to his home and put to bed for the night.

Captain Bell was arrested, but did not "go below," making the necessary deposit of twenty dollars.

THAT CELEBRATED CASE.

St. Stephen Again Heard From Anent Its Police Magistrate.

There is a remarkable regularity about the movements of one citizen of the thriving town of St. Stephen. Rain or shine, in cold or heat he may be seen leaving his residence at a certain hour every day and wending his way towards the central part of the town. His manner is striking. He looks neither to the right hand nor the left unless accosted by a friend, and his air is one of independence, an independence gotten to a consciousness of right doing and wronging not a neighbor. He is an important man in the town, not so much from his voice in public affairs as from the po-

sition he holds, a position which requires just such sturdy honesty and rectitude as this man possesses. Unhappy is the lot of that man who tries by persuasion or authority to induce him to swerve from the path of even-handed justice. Rich and poor, high and low receive from him the same treatment. Such a man is our police magistrate. Witnesses cannot play with him and lawyers cannot bluff him, and I doubt if the literary meanderings of you correspondent vox populi can disturb his equanimity. The case to which your correspondent evidently refers was a most difficult one to handle, and in addition to the efforts necessary to keep the witnesses in trim, the magistrate had to threaten one of the counsel with the services of a constable in order to make him keep his place. If the legal fraternity can run the courts of the chief city of our neighboring province, they cannot run this one. Your correspondent a little more than doubles the time spent on the case, but although it took a day and a half, thanks to the legal lights, I will venture to say that in the excessively long evidence taken down by the magistrate, being nearly ten thousand words I am told, there will be found no material errors. I have heard the magistrate claim with just pride, that although many of his cases have gone before the supreme court on appeal, that never has one of them been set aside through any error in the papers. This is the man your correspondent says has outlived his usefulness. Indeed the government thinks him so useful that they have not only given him the two offices mentioned, but I am informed he holds two or three more equally important, and to which poor envious "Vox" could probably never attain. Allow me to assure you, Mr. Editor, that your correspondent's name as attached to the letter in question, is a misnomer. The public would not agree with his voice. ONLOOKER.

St. Stephen, N. B., June 27.

MR HARKINS GETS A SHOCK.

Two Little Matinee Girls Passed Him at the Door.

A good story is told about two young ladies—little girls? who went to the matinee at the Opera House last Saturday. Whether they were two little girls in blue or two little girls in some other color does not matter very much but their experience as unintentional members of a cast in a pantomime is something they are not likely to forget.

It has always been the case here and I suppose it is the same elsewhere, that when a circus comes to town every child likes to get in at the ordinary children's rate and however unwilling they may be to be considered children at other times they have not the slightest objection to avail themselves of the children's privilege when the show is here or when there is a matinee at the theatre. Girls who resent the insinuation that they are other than young ladies are most willing to be children again just for the matinee.

The story of last Saturday's matinee is told this way—Mr. W. S. Harkins was not in the play "Alone in London" which was the bill that afternoon so he on business intent took his position on the door and played the part of ticket taker, a role not especially brilliant but at the same time one of much responsibility. While standing there receiving the tickets as the patrons came along in huge numbers, two young ladies i. e. two children each of whom were taller than Mr. Harkins, approached and tendered him two children's (25c) tickets.

"Handsome Will" was literally knocked speechless—monumental gall he had never before encountered and yet he has travelled much, east and west, north and south in the United States. He spoke not a word, He could not. He merely held the tickets a moment, long enough to identify them and while so holding them looked at the children(?) from the ground to the tops of their hats, again looked at the tickets, said nothing but motioned for the children(?) to enter. The pantomime was short, but it was a very nice piece of work. It was so true to life no explanation was required. The other actors in the pantomime knew the part they played but it was probably their first appearance in the cast of a piece like this, as they were very conscious and showed their newness by being suffused with blushes. They are not likely to do it again.

There is no doubt that some managers draw the line "under 15 years of age as it used to be and "under 12 years of age as it now so often reads, altogether too rigidly while there are other managers who exercise a very liberal discretion. On this rule Mr. Harkins, I believe, is one of this latter class but Oh, girls! give him at least fair play and a living chance.

An Annual Rethessey Picnic.

The Ladies of the Rethessey Sewing Society intend holding their annual sale of Fancy Work and useful articles on 12th of July on the arrival of the C. P. R. from St. John. There will also be refreshments and high tea at 5.30 p. m.